1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949-ND12 Nahane ND12

anything. "Just wait," I said. There were other men she could marry. Annie cried a little. I told Harry if he quit me, maybe I could get another man to love and this time one whom I wouldn't have to feed. That time a fire broke out in Stella's tent. Everybody rushed out of my cabin. John Keen rushed into the tent and threw out the three kids. Harry didn't want to help. Two years ago Harry became very ill and we had to send him to Watson Lake. He's not really well yet.

Then Frederic married Hane Donnelly. Hane doesn't stay far. Winter time he goes to Simpson Lake and meets the Pioneer Lake Indians. He plays cards with them instead of working his trap line. With a child to take care of, he needs money. A single man can take it easy but a married man has to work. Last winter Hane didn't begin to trap till February. As long as the boys have some grub left they don't worry. Since three years ago, when we finished a bottle of rum and keg of fresh homebrew at Old Elder's place, Hane' stomach has been sick.

Another girl of mine was married in church to River Joe's boy, Bud. But he quit her and ran after Richard Day's sister. It's Bud's fault that he quit my daughter, but River Joe lays all the blame on the girl. The policeman gave Bud good advice when he quit his wife. He told Bud: "If you want to stop trouble, go back to your wife. You've got two children. I'll come back tomorrow. If you're sleeping alone, you'll be free." The policeman came back the next night but found Bud and the Day girl sleeping together. He arrested Bud and the girl. The girl's father reported it. The policeman asked me: "What are we going to do now?" I told him: "Do what you like, I have nothing to say. I know nothing about law."

Six years were past before I asked this Slave woman from Fort Liard to marry me. Now she didn't want to. I promised her that if we were married by the church, I would never leave her. But she was afraid of my mother-in-law. Then one day she heard my mother-in-law tell me to get another wife as she had no more daughters to give me. My mother-in-law warned me that I might lose my life. "I don't like to see you cook too long for yourself and wash your own clothes. Get yourself a woman," Nick Long told me. "Marry that old woman. I'll help you make a living." Nick's brother, Peter, had married two of the old woman's daughters and both girls had died. Now Nick wanted someone to care for her. So this Slave woman changed her mind and we were married by Father Pradier in 1941. When we started living together I had trouble. She wanted to wear sweaters at night. She wouldn't eat from the table and she couldn't cook well. She told me I could leave her if I didn't like her ways. I said: "You should learn. Don't cook straight meat all the time." Sometimes she would start to cry. Now she is getting better. The first years after we were married she was strong, but now she is getting weaker. About five years ago she said: "Looks like you're going to have a baby." I went out and killed three moose. When I came back, she said: "Looks like I lost your baby." She had been cutting wood. I felt bad.

When they started to build Watson Lake Airport I got a job there for the spring. In the summer I went on the river again. They were handling a lot of freight on the river that year and altogether I earned about fifteen hundred dollars. Then I dislocated my hip. I couldn't walk. I suffered all winter and didn't trap much. The next spring I went to the hospital in Whitehorse—flew up on a plane. The doctor took my leg and gave it a twist. "I'm going to hurt," he said. I couldn't see anything just stars. Then I heard the bone snap. It went back into place. I stayed in the hospital ten days and before I left the doctor told me